

No. 5370 號十七百三千五第 日七十二月二十年戌甲治同 HONGKONG, WEDNESDAY, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1875. 三拜禮 號三月二英 港香 [PRICE \$2½ PER MONTH]

Innovations.

THE Undermentioned Banks will CLOSE
for the transaction of Public Business on
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 5th and 6th
instant.

Hongkong, 2nd February, 1876.

for the ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION,
C. J. KERR,
Acting Manager, Hongkong.

for the CHARTERED MERCANTILE BANK OF
INDIA, LONDON AND CHINA,
R. H. NELSON,
Acting Manager, Hongkong.

for the CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUS-
TRALIA AND CHINA,
M. W. ROYD,
Manager, Hongkong.

for the COMPOTTE D'ESCOMPTES DE PARIS,
OBER DE GUINGNE,
Manager.

for the HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING
CORPORATION,
JAMES GREIG,
Chief Manager.

for the NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED,
R. H. SANDEMAN,
Acting Manager.

D a SIX-ROOM

NOTICE.
 M. B. CAUSUMBOY K'HAKEEBHOY is
 authorized to sign my Firm from this
 day.
 REEMENVOBHOY HABIBHOY.
 14d 139 Hongkong, 2nd February, 1875.
 NOTICE.
 M. B. CAUSUMBOY K'HAKEEBHOY is
 authorized to sign my Firm from this
 day.
 AHMEDBOY HABIBHOY.
 14d 180 Hongkong, 2nd February, 1875.
 HONGKONG, CANTON, AND MACAO
 STEAMBOAT COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE.

The Night Boat on the Canton River CEASES on and after this date.

The Day Service will continue as heretofore By Order of the Board of Directors,
AUGUSTINE HEARD & Co., Agents
34 186 Hongkong, Feb. February, 1875.

NOTIFICATION.

A COPY of the JURY LIST for 1875 is posted at the Supreme Court House for inspection.

Notice of Insurances, Omissions, Objections, &c., will be given to the Registrar on or before **THURSDAY, the 16th day of February, 1875**, in accordance with the Provisions of Section 8 of Ordinance No. 11 of 1864.

It is further notified that no Person who has been convicted of any crime or who has been removed from service on the ground of any exemption to which he may be entitled, or on the ground

have been claimed and
of qualification du

W. H. ALEXANDER, Registrar.
15d 137 Hongkong, 1st February, 1875.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF MILITARY
RIFLES AND AMMUNITION.
ARMOURY AT ILION, NEW YORK, U. S. A.
AGENTS IN CHINA,
AUGUSTINE HEARD & Co.
1m 64 Hongkong, 12th January, 1875.

CHARCOAL BISCUITS,
THE BEST REMEDY FOR
INDIGESTION,

BY THE

HONGKONG AND CHINA BAKERY
COMPANY.
LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.
14d 164 Hongkong, 27th January, 1875.

G. O. ROGERS, D.D.S.,
DENTIST,
No. 7—ARBUENAT ROAD,
at 247 Hongkong, 1st December, 1874.

Notices to Consignees.

NOTICE.

TO CONSIGNEES OF OPTIONAL CARGO
EX O.S.S. C.S.S. *PRAM*,
FROM LIVERPOOL.

Shipping Orders may be obtained from the
Underwriter not later than the 3rd inst
for shipment per *HECTOR*.
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.
9d 182 Hongkong, 1st February, 1875.

STEAMER NANKIN, FROM LONDON
PENANG, AND SINGAPORE.

CONSIGNEES of Goods by the above
Steamer are hereby notified, that the Cargo
is being landed and stored at their
respective Godowns of the HONGKONG WHARF
and Godowns, whosoever delivery may be
required.

Goods remaining in Store after the 2nd Feb
a.o., will be subject to rent.

OPTIONAL CARGO will be forwarded
unless applied for by the Consignees before
Noon TO-DAY, the 25th inst.

Consignees are also informed, that before

bond for contribu

SIEMSEN & Co
148 Hongkong, 25th January, 1875.

S.S. AMAZONE.
COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.

NOTICE.

CONSIGNEES are hereby notified per S.S. GARDIA from London, in connection with above Steamer, are hereby informed that their Goods are being landed and stored at their place at the Company's Godowns, whence delivery may be obtained from SATURDAY, the 30th inst. at Noon.

Optional Cargo will be forwarded, and intimation is received from the Consignee before Noon T.U.-DAY.

Bills of Lading will be Countersigned by Undersigned and retained until FRIDAY, the 2nd of February, at 10 A.M.

has been effected.
C. BE

171. Hongkong, 29th January, 1875.

**COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.**

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

CONSIGNEES of the following Cargo
are requested to send in Bills of Lading
to the undersigned for counter-signature,
take immediate delivery; this Cargo has be
landed and stored at their risk and expense.
No fire insurance has been effected.

O. BERNARD, *Principal Agent*
Es "Domina," 2nd July, 1874.
FD. 1/35, 1875. No. 83 coupe Boer.
Hongkong, 24th December, 1874.

robbery, and at once did so. At the Station he was closely questioned by Mr. Inspector Wilson, and prevaricated to such an extent in his story, both as to his alleged loss and also

Imperial Government to obtain a correct list of all Foreign Residents at this port, with the description of the business they are engaged in. I beg the favour of being inclosed by you with the names and occupations of those under your protection—male or female. The religion of the missionaries should also be included.

I remain, with due respects,
(Signed) KANDA PAWATIRA,
Governor of Hingoo Keta.

Three shocks of earthquake in 16 hours would seem as if the powers below wished to make up this year for the forepart, which they displayed during last. On Thursday,

of their offices. Besides, and this is not the least important fact, 8,850 persons have from their own funds, contributed towards the expenses of the building of schools throughout Japan, during 1374; and the total of these sums, thus liberally gives, amounts for the said year to 326,514 yen.—*I. Echo da Japon.*

Damages to the amount of 2475 have been awarded in the Court of Exchequer to a merchant as compensation for severe injuries which he had sustained on board the ship of the defendants by the falling of the cover of the hatch on his head.

Travellers.—*Fall Hall Gazette.*

of real butter.

[illegible]

Extracts.

AT MY ENEMY'S GATE.

As I passed my enemy's gate
In the summer afternoon
On my pathway, steadily as Fate,
Crest a shadow rose and still;
The bright spirit the rainbow green
Of sweet, low, low, low, low, low
To a soulless feeling of loss.
A dark sense of something ill.

Whereupon I said, in my soul,
"There should grow about this door
Nothing but beauty and truth,
Showered with light, joy, and love,
Or three-leaved ivy that grows
A thick ledge with poisonous vines,
And black lilies that bloom and die,
The only crest of a rock!"

Then I looked, and there on the ground,
Were two lovely children at play;
The doorway with all around
Was spotted with daisies and ferns;
From the open door, a sweet breeze
Of a daisy-crested bird,
And on from the grass below
Came the gossip of violas.

And, lo! behind a cloud, overhead,
Peeked a smiling, smiling face;
They dived round stable and stall,
Alighting on all and roof,
All in the air, so white,
All in the air, so white,
All in the air, so white,
All in the air, so white,

"She lives this moment of time,
Of the best her heart affords,
Sends him the rain and the shine,
And children whom she loves;
She fosters his horses and birds,
And surrounds him with blossoms and birds;
And why am I a barrier of loss?
To his faith that the clouds and doves?"

— T. TOWNSEND, in the Atlantic Monthly.

A LOVER'S REVENGE A CENTURY AGO.

The way a jilted lover avenged himself a hundred and twenty years ago may serve as a warning—see the *General Advertiser*, May 16, 1750—Whereas, on Sunday, April 12, 1750, there was seen in Chancery, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, a young gentleman dressed in a light coloured coat, with a blue waistcoat, trimmed with silver lace, along with a young lady, and going towards St. Martin's near Aldersgate; This is therefore to acquaint the said gentleman (as a friend) to be as expeditious as possible in the matter, lest otherwise he should be unhappy with the same disappointment at last, by another stepping in in the meantime, as a young gentleman has been lately served by the aforesaid young lady, who, after a courtship of three months last past, and that with her own approbation, and in the most public manner possible, and with the utmost honour as could possibly become a gentleman. Take this, sir, only as a friendly hint—I am yours, &c. &c.

THE GUITAR.

Considering the object for which the guitar has been adopted by all classes of society in Spain, and more especially in this light-hearted Malaga, nation of serenaders, it is not surprising that the guitar should be the air, and breaks on the ear with a pleasing thrill which must be heard to be understood. He continues *floreando* on the strings, or as the Italians say *arpeggiando*, for a few minutes, certain that by this time the harmonious sound has penetrated to the interstices of the walls and awakened the favoured inmates. Then, knowing a base, and a baritone are softly combined with the sounds of the guitar, producing the effect of an opera terzetto accompanied by violin pizicci. To make sure that this melodious prelude has awakened from her slumbers the adrota, the serenader now strikes all the strings in the particular manner, *goguendo*, tapping the sounding-board at the same time with the hand for two or three minutes in the most hilarious style. But now the raising of the lower half of a jalousie in an upper room, through which a faint beam of light appears, once more awakens the soft arpeggios of the instrument—accompanied, the serenader is imploring, according to the custom of the Italian, the lady to be so affectionately tender or simply joyous, and with that the serenader terminates.—*Autobiography of Dr. Granville.*

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

There was an unexpected simplicity in the manner in which the Khedive entertained the Sultan. We had heard that this dinner was to take place, and we had pictured to ourselves a magnificent entertainment, a brilliant assemblage, a gorgeous spectacle. All our expectations were disappointed. The Sultan came by the Pera railway to the gate at the top of the garden, a regiment of soldiers went before him, and he followed in a carriage and four, with postillions. He was simply dressed in a fez, a blue cloak, and white trousers. He was received at the gate by the Khedive and his sons, and conducted to a newly-built and newly-furnished kitchen in the centre of the palace, where he sat in the view of the Bosphorus. There they left him alone. He remained there shut up alone for half an hour, or rather more. No one seemed to know what was to happen next, and I imagine that everything depended on his caprice, and that it would have caused no surprise if he had suddenly ordered his carriage and horses back to Pera. However, at length the Sultan was sent for. The Khedive remained with the Sultan for about half an hour, and then came out, and the Sultan enjoyed an interval of solitude. The Khedive's sons and sons-in-law were then sent for and accompanied by an introduction. Dressed in the fat black Shambouli coat (which is exactly the same coat as the coat of a Pasha, or person), and black trousers, they entered the room one by one, with folded arms, walked up to the Sultan, and, stooping, kissed the ground close to his feet. The Sultan, who was seated on a high-backed chair, and something about the weather, and then they all filed out again, with their arms still folded. The Sultan then called for his dinner, and it was brought to him. He ate in solitude, and for a short time afterwards, and then, without speaking another word to anybody, returned to Pera. It would be difficult to say what is now the real power of the Sultan over his subjects, but in some hands the disposal of lives and fortunes of his subjects. He lives in solitary dignity, without an equal, without a friend, without an intimate companion, male or female. Amongst the stuffy-edged sovereigns of

Thope, Abdul Aziz is a strange figure. He knows no language but Turkish, and the voice of Europe reaches him only in the faintest whisper. He has the manners of an antique Turk; he is said to know nothing; he keeps a dwarf; he changes his ministers with startling rapidity; he builds incessantly; he adds palaces to palaces, and kiosks to kiosks, at an expense which terrifies his Chancellor of the Exchequer. He tears through the streets of Pera in an old carriage, and with a regatta of nondescript galleons galloping behind him. He is said to have five million sovereigns looked up in a cellar, of which he himself keeps the key; he drinks neither wine nor strong drink; he does not even smoke. Omelette is his favourite food, and his favourite amusement, wrestling and ram fighting.—*St. James's Magazine.*

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF MEXICO.

It is said that the cave of Caahuamitlan is the largest cave in the world. Several persons, who have visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and that of Caahuamitlan in Mexico, pronounce the latter the larger. A volcano, mountain, with an active crater, covers this cave. It is not described in guide books or books of travel. It has, in fact, never been adequately described. Mr. Porter C. Claiborne has twice examined and explored it, the last time in February of the present year. Six hundred persons constituted the last exploring party, and they were provided with dynamite and various appliances, reaching a level at perhaps 50 feet deep, they proceeded 32 miles into the interior. The roof was so high—a succession of halls—the rocks often exploded before striking it. Labyrinthine passages leave the main hall in every direction. Stalagmites and stalactites are abundant. Below this cave, at a great depth, are two other immense caverns, from each of which issues a branch of a great river, uniting here. These two rivers enter some five miles distant at the other side of the mountain, flow parallel, and issue at last together. Vast quantities of bats are the most numerous inhabitants of these caverns.—*Scientific American.*

A SOUNDBRELLY LOVE.

Recently, in Detroit, a carpenter named Charles Perrin fell in love with the daughter of one of his neighbours. She, however, did not admit his advances, and disdained his manners; and, as appears from the sequel, his disposition was not all that it might have been. Perrin proposed, and the young lady informed him that she could not think of such a thing. He begged her parents to intercede, but they declined to influence the girl's choice; so Perrin, like the most prudent of men, was forced to seek his own way. He chose his own way, and went to make a last offer of his hand, determined to break the bottle over the poor girl's face should she continue to reject him. "There was no one at home but the girl and her mother," the *Detroit Free Press* relates. "And Perrin first wanted the girl to take with her a bottle of vitriol, and he asked to see her alone. She also refused this request, and the lover had just got ready to draw the bottle from his pocket when something hit him. He thought it was a dog, but it wasn't. The cork had worked out of the bottle, and his coat-tails were burning. The acid wasn't content with the coat-tails, but struck out for flesh, and in about a minute the young man was dancing around the house as if he were a ballerina. Shouting and whooping, he got out of doors and threw off most of his clothing and rolled in the mud, and it was some time before any one could find out whether he had smothered in his boots or had set down on a bread-bowl. He was so badly burned that two men had to help him to his boarding-house, where a physician dressed the burns." As Perrin had made public his intention of using the acid on the girl, he will be arrested as soon as he is sufficiently recovered to take his trial.

SOME ACTORS OF THE PAST.

There is some touch of romance in the history of Conway, an actor of the first quarter of the present century. It is soon told. Conway was a gentleman with great love for his art, a secret ambition to excel, and besides his ambition, a most sensitive temperament. He was the Romeo to Miss O'Neill's Juliet, when that lady, in 1814, gave first grace to the stage, and if Rogers may be trusted, stirred the jealousy of Mrs. Siddons, who had left it. Conway was, unfortunately, a Capulet rather than a Montague. He could have almost looked down on Juliet's rival. The actress of the day, and he with his rival. With slight exception, they took no account of his talent, of the promise of brighter results to be found in his earnest study and practice. The ill name given him everywhere. Added to which, in Bath, as if he had not sufficiently suffered, old Mrs. Siddons fell in love with him! Conway went to America, with his talent and his evil reputation. The audiences there considered only the latter, and thought it a good joke to drive this accomplished but too tall gentleman and actor mad. Poor Conway, sailing from one American port to another, took his opportunity to make an end of the anguish of a love but unrequited artist. He plunged from the side of the vessel, on a moonlight night, and the Atlantic Ocean became the actor's grave.

CONWAY'S FATE RECALLED TO OUR MIND.

Conway's fate recalls to our mind that of Davilliers, of the French stage. He was the most tenderly passionate stage-lover of his time, but he was terribly hard-headed. A jealous, determined, sympathized with him. Actors were charmed to have love made to them by a man who seemed to send every word of passionate affection to his eyes from his heart. But Madame la Dauphine could not bear the inspired Ozymandias. She cried out, from her box, against his ugliness, so loudly that the actor himself could hear her. In the next instant, he was on the stage, fully redoubled his efforts to please. All in vain. "He's too ugly to fool!" cried the Princess. Davilliers proved the Dauphine to be in error. He withdrew from the stage. A brain fever sent him to Charenton, where, a boarder with the Freres de Charité, the disappointed stage-lover died raving mad, his last words being, "I am Conway."

A closer parallel than the above may, perhaps, be found in comparing Conway with a French actor of a time later than his own, and who may be remembered by at least inveterate play-goers in France. Seven years ago the appearance of Rovinsky as Hamlet, at the Theatre-Francaise, put the French, and was an event. Rovinsky was a poet by sentiment, a painter rather than an actor, and in fact; and by ambition, an actor. He had studied Hamlet as Betterson might have done. If there were a heart to the mystery, he was the man to have picked it out. He deserved success, and did not obtain it. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while he was on the stage. The country audience could not understand him. His Hamlet, indeed, had been used to the "Old Grove." They recognized neither talent nor genius in the accomplished actor. They laughed at his most studied passages. They ridiculed his interpretations, or what was worse, they remained mute and indifferent at the close of a scene or a soliloquy, to the education of which he had devoted heart and soul. Like Conway, Rovinsky became a man, and in his own land. He took his Hamlet with him to one strolling company or another, where his staid comrades laughed at the intellectual and impassioned player, even while